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VOLUME XLVIII. CHICAGO, NOVEMBER 7, 1901. NUMBER 10

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UNITY

VOLUME XLVIII. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1901. NUMBER 10

The perplexity of the ministerial department seems not to be confined to America, as it certainly is not confined to any denomination. The law of supply and demand seems not to work very obviously in these days. Vacant pulpits abound, and still the divinity schools bewail the decreasing attendance. *Christian Life* gives a list of over thirty vacant Unitarian churches in the southeastern provinces of England and Wales.

We share with the *Evangelist* the conviction that the "prison problem" is not a mere social question, but it is a profoundly religious question, hence the work of the Prison Association in trying to introduce a probation element in the judicial system of the country is of great significance. Says the *Evangelist*: "This work of probation is essentially preventive as well as corrective, and with larger means of action the area of rescue could be greatly enlarged."

British tobacconists seem to be inclined to fight fire with fire. They are trying to resist the invasions of the American combination with a combination of their own. When that combination is perfected, then we may expect a combination of the American and British combinations, until the tobacco market of the world will be under a single control, from which there will be no escape except by that combination that is to come further along on behalf of the consumers, who will unite in a disgust for the nasty stuff and will organize a combination of neglect. And that, too, is coming.

It is announced that "The American Standard Edition of the Revised Bible" has been adopted as the edition to be used in the class rooms of the divinity school of the University of Chicago. It differs from the English revised edition in representing much greater independence and consequently more radical departure from the King James version. Its very name of "The New Testament" is changed to that of "The New Covenant." In many passages where Jesus is spoken of as "Master" in the old version he is given the more winning title of "Teacher." The word is used, not because it is more winning, but because it is a more adequate representative of the Greek original.

The *Jewish Exponent* has a timely word entitled "Preserving the Right of Asylum." In the face of this spasm of indignation and fear concerning the foreign immigration it well says:

> But if our professions of humanitarian sentiment are not a mockery and our pretensions of devotion to the principles of human fellowship are sincere, we will not unjustly place whole classes of men in the pillory and seek to exclude them from the right to breathe the free air of this republic "dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal." We will, on the contrary, with that large and noble measure of charity, which the father of the republic in founding it, and Abraham Lincoln, in saving it, employed so wisely and so well, recognize the duty incumbent upon us to maintain inviolate the right of asylum to all the weary ones whom despotism has crushed and the oppressor's rod has smitten. God did not draw the imaginary lines which separate nation from nation; let man not seek to add new barriers to those already existing between him and his fellows.

The *Christian Life*, of London, has an interesting department which it entitles "Anniversaries." October 20 was the birthday of Christopher Wren, which occurred in 1632. He was the architect of St. Paul's Cathedral, which was begun in 1675 and finished in 1710. Thirty-five years of time is a hurried job in cathedral building. The people in Chicago are impatient because the postoffice building threatens to drag along through five or more years of mortal time, but St. Paul's Cathedral has been standing over two hundred years, and some of its walls were twenty feet in thickness. The workmen have just completed repairing an old pipe eight inches square, reaching from the roof to the crypt. They passed up and down on the inside of a shaft wherein iron steps were provided for just such an emergency, an exigency anticipated two hundred years before it arrived.

It is hard to label Hall Caine professionally. His last book may serve either as a textbook in religion or in politics, and in his person he would be at home either in the pulpit or in the senate. It is quite natural, then, that this novelist should be announced as a candidate for the little Manx Parliament in behalf of the town of Ramsay, the only Keltic parliament in the world, he claims. If elected he promises to work for the nationalization of the steamship service connecting the Isle of Man with England and of the steam and street railway systems of the island. He proposes that the Parliament shall assume control of the drainage and tree planting and the banking business. What an interesting programme for the little island! What a chance for it to command interest and win the gratitude of the big world if it only tries to do these things that seem to be so hard and dangerous to the aforementioned "big world"!

Jacob Riis, in his article on "The Manliness of Roosevelt," in the *Sunday School Times*, says: "When he was police commissioner we would sometimes go together to the Italian school of the Children's Aid Society or to some kindred place, and I love of all things to hear him talk to the little ones. They did, too. I fancy he left behind him on every one of these trips a streak of little patriots. * * * I know one little girl on Long Island who is to-day hugging the thought of the handshake he gave her as the most precious of her memories, and so do I, for I saw him spy her, a poor, pale little thing, in a threadbare jacket, away back in a crowd of school children that swarmed about his train, and I saw him dash into the surging tide like a strong swimmer, catch and shake her hand, and then catch the moving train on the run. That was Roose-

velt." And that kind of a man is a man from whom the country can hope much and who has a measureless service to render to the country.

The newspaper telegraph tells us with conspicuous headlines that there is a deficit of coin indicative of riches. All the currency machinery of the treasury department is inadequate to produce money fast enough to meet the demand, so vigorous is trade everywhere. And still we speak of what is the common observation of ministers, teachers and public spirited men and women everywhere—that aside from conspicuously big blocks of "donations" on the part of the very wealthy, the revenues of what may be called the disinterested activities of the world, particularly those that represent the intangible needs of the mind, heart and spirit, are dragging with the same old cry of "inadequate support, halting contributions, hesitating subscriptions"—much business, but no time or money to spare. What is America doing with its prosperity? What apologies have its citizens to offer for their preoccupation? Is it worth while to compass heaven and earth to pay one mortgage in order to make another, to convert every gift into a grudge because it withdraws an ounce of strength from the mad race to the prosperity that is always ahead, never to be overtaken?

In the *City and State* for October 31 there is a searching article entitled "Fighting with Fundamentals," in which there is an arraignment of the British and American practices in South Africa and in the Philippines. They seem to follow the very line of Spanish warfare that created such indignation on the part of these governments in 1897 and 1898. Reconcentrado camps seem to be a necessity of modern warfare, because there is an unconquerable element in the modern man that will not allow him to yield when he is beaten. He does not know when he is conquered. There seems to be among American and English newspapers a conspiracy of silence concerning the discouraging and distressing facts. This article speaks of the hope that "we can get rid of the whole thing by ignoring it. * * * 'Let us not discuss the matter further,' everybody said of slavery at one time. * * * But the thing would not lie still." The closing words of this article, which we print below, are as pertinent to Great Britain as to America. The time is coming when patriotism in both countries will consist in confessing the mistakes and in trying to redress the wrong. Shall it be said:

> By all means let us go right on in the Philippines as we have begun, though General Chaffee tells that Governor Taft is discouraged, that civil government is a failure, and military rule must be prolonged indefinitely, for it is easier to sacrifice principle and character, than pride. But surely it takes a strong arm and a strong nation to make the outcome of doing wrong as satisfactory as the outcome of doing right. We shall, however, but add another to the world's list of nations who in their day of wealth and power fought with a fundamental and got the worst of it.

Dignity depends not on the task but on the master.

All common things—each day's events,
That with the day begin and end,
Our pleasures and our discontents—
Are rounds by which we may ascend.

Universalism Rising Into Its Universality.

The Universalist Leader for November 2, a double number, lies before us. It is resplendent with portraits and eloquent in its enthusiasm over the General Convention held in Buffalo, October 17-24. The editorial comment is "Boston, '99, was our largest convention; Buffalo '01, our best," and a careful reading of the reports gives warrant to the enthusiasm and justifies our head-line. For many, many years the Universalist denomination has been open to the suspicion that it was more solicitous for its "Ism" than it was for its universality. The denomination has had its dreary period of fret and fever over a little creedlet that was gathering around itself not only a century's reverence but a century's superstition. At the Boston meeting in '99 this solicitation and agitation was "settled" as all such questions are settled ultimately by a laborious revision, a delicate adjustment, a wise compromise, followed by a prompt unconcern if not a forgetting of the revision. Churches are never enthusiastic and never fight for a new creed. The last statement when heard fails to enlist the enthusiasm which the old was supposed to have caused.

Anyhow the Boston meeting, two years ago, rid the denomination for the time being of its creed trouble, and this meeting in Buffalo seemed to profit by that freedom and to show signs that it was growing into a consciousness of the mighty significance, the profound assumptions of its name.

Notwithstanding certain frantic attempts to "warn" the denomination against "unholy alliances" with the Unitarian, the Unitarian representative was enthusiastically received and the proposition of a co-operative commision almost unanimously adopted, not, we suspect, because much was expected to come from it, but because the convention was not in a panicky mood. It has ceased to be frightened by the threat of heresy on the one hand or of orthodoxy on the other.

The hopeful phases of the convention are found in the subjects treated and the vigor, directness and independence of the treatment. The civic and social side of religion received vigorous and generous interpretation. In their mass meetings "The New Education," "Wealth and Poverty," "Vice and Crime," "Capital and Labor" were the questions that served to turn this Bucephalus from the alarming contemplation of its own shadow and gave it the road where it could show its metal.

"The New Education" was described as "a recognition of a moral gravitation toward good. Civilization means nothing less than raising life to higher valuations." Dr. Gunnison said further: "The new education of our age writes on its banners the story of evolution."

Dr. Pullman's subject was "Universalism and the New World Problems." The very statement is thrilling. Every problem in civic reforms and economics today is a world problem, and the world problem implies the brotherhood of man, the fatherhood of God, the center of contact of universality in religion.

In the discussion of "Wealth and Poverty," by Rev. Richard E. Sykes, wealth was described as "stored power to be used in an unselfish way for the general

good." Hull House activities, whether in Chicago or elsewhere, were extolled as "religion in practice"; the men who get the lion's share because they have the lion's strength work in the spirit of the jungle; the strong man who uses his strength to crush the weak is a coward, whether he employs his arm or his brain. "What can you expect when millionaires pay their workmen four and six dollars a week, as some do in Chicago? Is it any wonder that almost every charity worker that labors among these degraded people has turned out a socialist or an anarchist?" The speaker looked for a time when great corporations would use their power in public interests commensurately with their wealth. He said "the remedy for human ills is to have men deal justly with one another."

Charles M. Skinner, in his address on "Vice and Crime," said that Universalism as a faith was an ultimate and not a beginning. The old religions were of hate and fear; the new religion must express the best in man; it is a religion of love. "Our first duty to our country, the world, is not as Universalists, but as citizens." "The theft of a pair of shoes is sure to be punished, but the theft of a railroad or so is not. I have never heard of even the arrest of that particularly mean thief who waits until his relative is dead and then breaks his will. Loosen up the masses in the city, provide playgrounds for the children, give to them libraries, pictures, gardens, soap, music and beauty in any form. Americans are self-complacent barbarians in this respect, liking the worst pictures, the silliest comedies, the weakest music, the sloppiest novels, defacing the finest street with a skyscraper. But beauty has a moral value; it makes the ugliness of vice repellant." "You cannot win the confidence of people by severities." "Penalogists have adopted the Universalist idea and are saving men through trust and love. They do not say, 'You are a sinner, a poor, lost, worthless worm'; they clap him on the shoulder and say, 'Be a man; brace up; take a fresh start and go right. I will help you all I can.' Law never made a people better; hate never loved anything but hate. Religion founded on damnation produced hell on earth." "Nothing marks the progress of the world so much as the broadening kindliness. We are learning to respect life in other forms than ours. The hunter is no longer the hero he was, and the woman who wears dead birds on her hat is now conspicuous for being out of fashion and out of taste." (We wish it were so in Chicago!—Ed.)

In dealing with "Capital and Labor" Mr. Betts said: "We believe in the moral soundness of the whole vast fabric of this universe and our humanity. We believe in the moral trending of things, in that 'somewhat not ourselves' that makes for righteousness, consequently the labor problem is ethical and moral, the contending forces are on their way toward that meeting place where justice in the soul will keep tryst with the justice in the heart of God."

This is a Universalism to hurrah for, a Universalism that proceeds to set up housekeeping in this world, that begins to practice here the fellowship that it has been so sure of over there.

This is a Universalism that is going somewhere and invites the world to go along with it. The quotation from "Eben Holden" in one of the speeches is to the point:

"We're goin' off somewhere; dunno the way, nuther; dunno if it's easter west, er north er south, er road er trail; but I ain't afraid."

GOOD POETRY.

This column will for awhile present in the issues of each month the work of one poet, giving the work of the younger men where it is worthy.—EDS.

RICHARD HOVEY.

Born at Normal, Ill., May 4, 1864. Was graduated at Dartmouth in 1885 and studied at the General Theological Seminary, New York. He abandoned his intention to enter the ministry and was successively journalist, actor, dramatist and English lecturer and professor. He developed steadily and at the time of his death on February 24, 1900, was on the threshold of a career of high renown. His works include "Songs from Vagabondia," "Launcelot and Guenevere," 1891-1898, "Along the Trail," 1898, "Taliesm; A Masque," 1899.

Love and Chance.

ONE LOVER.

Forever? Ah, too vain to hope, my sweet,
That love should linger, when all else must die!
No prayer can stay his wings, if he will fly,
Nor longing lure him back to find our feet,
Weeping for old disloyalties. The heat
That glows in the uplifting of thine eye,
Dims and grows cold ere yet the day pass by;
Nor ever will the dusk of love repeat
The dawn's pearl rapture. Aye, it is the doom
Of love that it must watch its own decay.
Petal by petal from the voluptuous bloom
Drops withering, till the last is blown away.
The night mists rise and shroud the bier of day,
And we are left lamenting in the gloom.

ANOTHER LOVER.

"Love is eternal," sang I long ago
Of some light love that lasted for a day;
But when that whim of hearts was puffed away,
And other loves that following made as though
They were the very deathless, lost the glow
Youth mimics the divine with, and grew gray,
I said, "It is a dream—no love will stay."
Angels have taught me wisdom; now I know,
Though lesser loves, and greater loves may cease,
Love still endures, knocking at myriad gates
Of beauty—dawns and call of woodland birds,
Stars, winds, and waters, lilt of luted words,
And worshiped women—till it finds its peace
In the abyss where Godhead loves and waits.

A THIRD LOVER.

My love for you dies many times a year,
And a new love is monarch in his place.
Love must grow weary of the fairest face;
The fondest heart must fail to hold him near.
For love is born of wonder, kin to fear—
Things grown familiar lose the sweet amaze;
Grown to their measure, love must turn his gaze
To some new splendor, some diviner sphere.
But in the blue night of your endless soul
New stars globe ever as the old are scanned;
Goal where love will, you reach a farther goal,
And the new love is ever love of you.
Love needs a thousand loves, forever new,
And finds them—in the hollow of your hand.

Sea Sonnets.

I.

Out with the tide—afar, afar, afar,
Where will the wide dark take us, you and me—
The darkness and the tempest and the sea?

How long we waited where the tall ships are,
Disconsolate and safe within the bar!
Ocean forever calling us, but we—
God, how we stifled there, nor dared be free
With a sharp knife and night and the wild dare!
But now, the hawser cut, adrift, away—
Mad with escape, what care we to what doom
The bitter night may bear us? Lost, alone,
In a vague world of roaring surge astray,
Out with the tide and into the unknown,
Compassed about with rapture and the gloom!

II.

We two waifs, wide-eyed and without fear,
With the dark swirl of life about our prow,
That bears us on and recks not where nor how!
Our skiff is but a feather on the foam,
No mighty galleon strong to meet the storm—
An open boat—God's gift to us for home,
And but each other's arms to keep us warm!
What port for us to make? Our only star
To steer by is the star of missing sails,
Our only haven where the helpless are—
Yet, you great merchantemn with freighted bales,
Rebel and lost and aimless as we go,
We keep a joy your pride can never know.

III.

Moon of my midlight! Moon of the dark sea!
Where like a petrel's ghost my sloop is driven!
Behold, about me and under and over me,
The darkness and the waters and the heaven—
Huge, shapeless monsters as of worlds in birth,
Dragons of Fate, that hold me not in scope—
Bar up my way with fierce indifferent mirth
And fall in giant frolic on my hope.
Their next mad rush may whelm me in the wave—
The dreaded horror of the sightless deep—
Only thy love, like moonlight, pours to save
My soul from the despairs that lunge and leap.
Moon of my night, though hell and death assail,
The tremble of thy light is on my sail.

Special Educative Opportunity.

Chicago principals have taken hold of the Penny Savings Bank plan with a very earnest spirit. Some two or three years ago the writer sat in the principal's room at the Froebel Building during a recess period of perhaps ten minutes. In this time at least a dozen pupils came in to see Mr. Cox, then the principal, about some business with the Penny Savings Bank. Some brought cards filled with stamps for deposit, some came for supplies and one or two came to draw on their account. In this business a new relation developed between the principal and the children, and there was a corresponding change of attitude and manner on both sides. The principal became the older brother yet one of themselves in a transaction in which they, the children, ordered the business and held the symbol of power. A certain self-respect was apparent especially in a ragged little urchin who had evidently worked for his money with the purpose of becoming a depositor, but all showed that feeling of reinforced self which comes to each of us when by our own act we directly associate ourselves with an organized effort through which we both assist and are assisted.

The Penny Savings Bank offers to most of the children their first opportunity to *command* the services of organized life. What an opportunity this is to the great teacher—the teacher whose aim is the strengthening of character? The future benefit to society of establishing in the children a habit of saving and a spirit of thrift may be an important element in this plan. To the teacher, however, here is one of those special educational opportunities of which, if he is prepared in thought and purpose, he may very often take advantage. For back of all those faculties subject to training into habitual reactions there is in every child this sense of power in himself. And the teacher's greatest work is to grasp every opportunity which may enable the child to feel his effort as reinforced by organization. This is education for citizenship; anything less is education of the individual alone, which trusts society to the continued reaction of the established habit.—*School and Home Education.*

It is a vain thought to flee from the work that God appoints us, for the sake of finding a greater blessing to our own souls, as if we could choose for ourselves where we shall find the fullness of the divine Presence, instead of seeking it where alone it is to be found, in loving obedience.—*George Eliot.*

Dr. Thomas' Farewell Sermon to the People's Church.

Preached at McVicker's Theater, Chicago, November 3, 1901.

A STUDY OF RELIGIOUS CONDITIONS.

"That those things which cannot be shaken may remain."—Heb. 12:27.

The creation is a continuous process of the ever-becoming. Speaking as a scientist, the late Dr. Le Conte says: "Evolution is continuous and progressive change, according to certain laws, and by reason of inherent forces." It cannot be a large view of the order of nature that thinks of things as finished in any past time.

Conditioned in the unfinished, in the becoming, the generations of earth have to live in and work with both the transient and the permanent. Running through and deep within all the changes of the social order, changes in government and religion, changes in the world of work and business, there are the immutable laws of nature and reason and the eternal principles of the good. But in the process of rational and moral becoming and doing these laws and principles have to be learned; indeed, this is the precise process itself, in the making or becoming of man.

Physical evolution ceased with the material body of man; and then began the higher evolution of mind and morals. And as this has been and is progressive, the less perfect forms of state and church and the whole working world have been superseded by the more perfect. Hence, the transient has moved along with the permanent.

In the normal growth of man and his world these transitions from the old to the new should be peaceable, and sometimes have been; but often and generally they have been through loss and suffering. There has been a conservatism that would hold on to the past, resist all change, and a radicalism that would uproot the old. Between these has been the slow and difficult progress of the wiser determinism that has sought to conserve the essential good of the past and to move on to the larger good of the future.

In this great world-drama of man, when the antagonisms could not be in some way mediated, reconciled, the tragedies had to come. Such was the awful tragedy of the destruction of Jerusalem and the Jewish nation, in which "the heavens and the earth were shaken." But the moral law, the soul and God, "could not be shaken," hence Judaism as a growing power for righteousness and the brotherhood of man, remains. And such were the tragedies of the long wars following the Reformation, and the American and French revolutions; but in all these, and through all, there were the eternal truths and principles of reason and right—"the things that could not be shaken." These have remained, and the world has gone forward to the larger liberty of justice and the divine religion of love.

And now, from such inductive reflections, let us try to study the religious conditions of the present. But in such a study it is not possible to separate the present from the past out of which the present has come, and in the light of what has been, we may see in a larger light that which is.

The great world-inheritances of the long ages have come to each present time in the forms of racial life with its peculiarities and prejudices, and in the institutionalized forms of governments and religions. These have been and are today the lines of division and contention. Over these the wars of the past have been waged; between these are the antagonisms and battles of the present.

There never was, nor is there seemingly now, any short way out of these long struggles. And for the reason that this strange world of man is a life-world; not a mechanism like the order of the stars, but a self-

directed order of rational and moral beings. It can be nothing other than this to accomplish its high and divine purpose, and that is: the making or becoming of man; man making himself, characterizing himself in the noble life of the true and the good.

And this, you will see, means, can mean, in the larger sense, nothing less than the universal truth and goodness. The world of principles and moral qualities is the universal. God is the very principle of principles; the self-existent; the infinite reason and right. Hence, these are, must be, the same; not alone in our little world, but in all worlds.

But here appear the limitations of racial divisions and the special inheritances of governments and religions. And it is natural, it is right, that human beings should love their race, love the lands in which they were born, love the governments and religions in which were rocked their cradles. Nor is it strange that they should think that theirs is the best, and especially in religion, that is so largely a sentiment; nor strange that under narrow and prejudiced teachings they should think that other religions are false and wrong.

And then, in all this has been the selfishness and pride of man; the rulers of state and church have loved power and sought to make their own thrones and temples supreme. The Greeks looked with contempt upon other peoples, and shutting themselves up to themselves, perished by their own internal dissensions. The haughty Romans denied to all others the right to rule; that meant at last to deny their own right, and Rome had to fall. And even the Jewish people came to feel that they were in a special and almost exclusive sense the people of God.

It was a great step forward when the Christ talked to the woman of Samaria at the well; when the Son of man received sinners and ate with them; and when Paul lifted religion out of ceremonialism and made it a life; and interpreted the gospel in the terms and light of the universal. Another great forward movement when Luther at the Diet of Worms denied and defied the authority of the church, and affirmed the right of each soul to go directly to God; and another, when for the first time all the religions of our world stood face to face in the Parliament of Religions at Chicago; and great in the civil liberty of mankind, the years and days of Gustavus Adolphus, of William the Silent, of Cromwell, of Washington and Lincoln.

And now from such general reflections, one may with larger vision study the religious conditions of our own time.

Limiting our thought mainly to Christianity, there is the commmon Jewish heredity, and the special inheritances from Romanism and Protestantism; that of the Greek or Eastern church has not largerly affected the churches of the West.

From Romanism has come to us the hierarchical forms of Christianity: the papacy, with its claim of infallibility; the cardinals, the different orders of the episcopacy, the priesthood and an elaborate liturgical service. The two most ancient creeds, the Apostles' and the Nicene, are in Greek, and reflect the earlier Greek interpretation of the Christian religion. The later Latin accretions as to the fall of man, original sin and some form of penal or substitutional atonement and endless punishment are Roman; they have no place in the Apostles' or the Nicene creeds.

From Protestantism we have the inheritances of the state church of England, with its Episcopal and clerical orders and liturgical service; and also the Lutheran or state church of Germany; and in addition to these we have the many other churches dissenting from the state churches, as the Presbyterians, Baptist, Quaker, Methodist and Congregational. And these again have divided into many separate branches; and then there are the Unitarian and Universalist churches; the Unitarian dissenting from the orthodox interpretation of the Trinity, and the Universalist denying the orthodox doctrine of endless punishment.

There are some other lines of classification. The Catholic, Episcopal, Presbyterian and Methodist churches own the church property; it is deeded to the organization and not to the local society; in the Congregational, Baptist and Unitarian denominations the church property is owned by the societies that build and pay for it.

A still broader line of distinction is found in the claim of Romanism and Episcopalianism that the authority to establish a church belongs by divine appointment to the clergy. This ecclesiocracy in religion corresponds to the claims of royalty in government. The Church of England claims regular descent from the Catholic, and the Protestant Episcopal church in America is in direct line from the Church of England; but the Catholic church denies the claim of the Episcopalian, will not, dares not, recognize the divine right of the Episcopal. Cardinal Newman, who was long an Episcopalian, declares that the Church of England is nothing more than a "politico-religious party." And on the other hand, the Episcopal clergy in England and in America will not, dare not, recognize the rights of the clergy in the other Protestant churches.

And yet, in the essentials of faith, the Catholic, the Episcopal and all the orthodox Protestant churches are substantially at one; they all accept the old Latin dogmas of original sin and substitutional atonement, and endless punishment. The dividing lines are upon questions of ecclesiocracy, of church rights and forms of worship and government.

Over against these contentions is the broad claim of the democracy of government and religion, that the divine right to found a state or a church is given to man as man, and not to any line of royalty, or to the clergy. The people have the right to determine their form of government, and the people have the right to organize a church, to ordain their ministers, and to formulate their creeds and worship.

This is a general survey of the formal religious conditions of our time. Under our government, in this land of the free, Jews, Catholics, Protestants; orthodox and liberals, have precisely the same rights; the legal rights of this People's Church of Chicago are just as large and as sacred as are those of any, or of all the other churches.

But such a study calls for more than these formal statements. The deeper questions are: What are all these forms of faith and organization doing for the people? And what is the outlook for the future?

There are no indications that the fundamental claims of ecclesiocracy or the rights of the clergy to create and control the church will be abandoned. The civil rights of the people are more and more recognized in the growth of constitutional monarchies and republics; but Romanism will not, cannot change; and the Episcopal church is every year tending more and more, if not to the Catholic church, to the accentuation of the claims of ecclesiocracy and a high liturgical service.

Against these old beliefs and forms, this pulpit has not one word to say. Not that the claim of authority is conceded by this pulpit, nor the Latin theology accepted, but that they have had their place in the past, they are a part of the present; to many they are dear and sacred, and the People's Church is large enough to love them all and to rejoice in all the good they can do, and the genius of our country of the free welcomes alike all forms of faith and worship.

But the old traditional account of the creation of the world and man, and the Latin accretions of the dogmas of original sin and atonement and endless punishment are dropping out of the beliefs of the present. They have been "shaken" by the truths of science and the growing rational and moral consciousness of a world; they are falling; "only the things that cannot

be shaken" can stand. The strain is felt less by the hierarchical churches that depend more upon their institutionalized life and forms, and upon authority for truth; is is felt most by the orthodox Protestant churches whose appeal is to reason, and to the truth as its own authority.

Had these churches been content to formulate the faith of their time, and not to make it binding upon the future; if their faith had been great enough to trust truth, to trust man and God, the problem would be less difficult. In science, reason has gone forward correcting the mistakes of the past, and so in medicine and government, and we all rejoice in the resulting world progress.

Only in religion has the mind of man been bound; and now, in these great years, reason is refusing to longer bow down before the dogmas of authority; this is not to deny faith, but that it may lift up the altars sacred to truth and find and affirm a larger and better faith.

It is not strange at such a time that there should be doubt and denial and all kinds of isms; the churches have not been large enough to hold the thinking of their own children—hence the many divisions of Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians and others; and then, special beliefs have gone out and organized bodies founded upon these peculiar ideas and often pushed what truth they held into such extremes that it has been almost lost in error.

There is less theological debate now than when Prof. Swing and myself were tried for heresy and compelled to fight. And why? Because in Presbyterian and Methodist pulpits can be preached today the larger truths for which we were condemned and no complaints are made, or at least no charges preferred. The hard battles of those trying years have made easier the paths for the feet that follow.

There is also far less sectarianism and more fellowship than in the past, and this should tend to lessen denominational competition and to make possible a wiser economy of expense and workers and a larger life of the brotherhood of all who love man and God. The great heart of religion should unite and not separate souls in the journey of time. We have many political parties, but one country; and more and more will we have one religion.

But so long as Christians refuse to fellowship the Jews, and the Catholic church will not tolerate the Episcopal, and the Episcopal cannot welcome the non-Episcopal, nor the orthodox unite with the liberals, so long must we have many religions of many kinds and not very much of any kind.

The sad fact that we must all face is that with all our churches half the people of this land are outside of them all. Dean Farrar notes and laments the large number of the poor and the laboring classes that the Church of England is powerless to reach; its services, he says, fail to interest them, and in both Europe and America there is a deep feeling that the church is not the friend of the poor, and in our country the feeling of the labor unions is almost antagonistic.

This is not to criticise, not to blame any church, there are earnest souls, honest workers in all of them, but it is to look at conditions, facts, as they are. It means loss to individuals, loss to homes and society; a lower moral tone, less sense of duty and responsibility, lower ideals of justice and honor and reciprocity, and less good will among men. This is not to say that goodness is found only in the churches, nor that all in the churches are good. The masses of the people are well disposed; few among the millions not professing religion are intentionally bad; but in the church or outside the religious needs of mankind are common; for all there is this one world-home, and without moral culture and the emotions and life of religion no country can be great.

The state needs the church far more than the church needs the state—not this or that church, but the moral ideas and principles of religion for which they all stand and without which a government of the free, a democracy, is not possible. The interest is common, the responsibility is upon all, and not without deep concern can we look upon the tendencies to violence, to disregard of law, to the reign of force and the rule of might.

And here is the place and need of the People's Church. Not seeking to oppose the teachings or to interfere with the work of other churches, nor to form another denomination, it goes to those outside of all the churches and asks them to exercise their rights and provide for their religious life and needs by uniting and forming independent churches of their own. These churches to be large enough to welcome those of much or little faith and of different beliefs, and not requiring any creedal test of membership, but trying to unite all in the great law and life of love, and in earnest efforts to do good in the world.

For such a work theaters and opera houses will be used, preaching services established to teach the great truths of the universal in religion; truths of the soul and God; truths of life, of social justice, of mutual service. Not a literary or debating society, but a place of worship, of song and prayer and preaching; the People's pulpit, the People's Church, a home for souls in this strange journey of time. This is the larger field and work to which the remaining years of my life shall gladly be given.

Our mighty age trembles in the balances, waiting for the high moral reinforcements of righteousness, of a religion of the justice of love. Only this can save our country, our world, from the greed of a cold commercialism, from the lust and pride of power, from political corruption and social injustice and from the horrors of war.

Our age has projected itself so far out upon the lines of the amazing possibilities of the material that the public thought is being turned away from the spiritual. But I say to you that all the great and high realities of life are on the mind, the soul-side of being, not of a mere physical existence for a few years of mingled pleasures and pains, but of life in the larger sense of being, the moral qualities and grandeurs of self-determined character to be wrought out and actualized in the great transactional life of truth, of justice and love.

The great truths and principles of religion and of conscience toward man and God should be first in every life, first in the life of a country. Religion must lead and not follow. "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon." Religion asks the whole heart, all its great love, to live and work and suffer for the universal good; asks the full surrender of the will of man to the will of God; and all this, that the self-surrendered will may come back a million-fold greater in the everlasting liberty of the divine order of a universe.

It is in this deeper looking, larger seeing, that the soul finds and rests in "the things that cannot be shaken." It takes many books to tell what our world has thought to be true about the earth and the stars, about government and religion, about the soul and God, the Christ and the cross. But all the time the truth was, the earth and the stars waited for the reason of man; government and religion waited for the revelations of liberty and justice and love; for the life of God in the soul of man; and only in these great years has dawned the vision of a universe, and is dawning the vision of what man is, what the Christ is as the life of God in man, humanity divine; and with this is dawning the great day of civil liberty and social justice of the rights of reason and conscience in faith and worship and a religion of love to man and God.

Here is the foundation for faith; faith in the eternal realities of the real; faith that there is a world of the true and the good; faith in nature, in man and God;

faith in the higher natural; faith that is not afraid to trust the "beyond-man," to trust reason, to trust truth, and that welcomes the new and larger in the ever-becoming life of the ages.

The tremendous realities are in the world beyond the books, to which this pulpit has so long tried to point the way. Here are the profound realities, the principles and the life of the divine order of the good. These are the "things that can never be shaken." The final foundations of religion are in the soul and God. Resting upon the simple truths of God and righteousness Judaism has withstood the shock of the ages, nor grown old with the centuries gone. God in Christ, the vicariousness of love, of love suffering to save, is in the very soul of things, the soul of the universe, of God; hence so deep and dear in the motherhood and patriotism of a world.

This love will live in the growing life of liberty and justice, in the life of all that is true and beautiful and good; and like the warm sunshine of spring, it will melt the ice and snow of the cold heart of prejudice, of greed and war, push back the winter of earth, and bring in the great glad summer-time of righteousness, of brotherhood and peace.

Trying to stand at the center of truth, to stand with God, to stand above the near contentions and storms that beat about me, my prayer has been to know and teach the will of God; the truths and principles that "cannot be shaken," and that will make souls great in the life divine.

The blood of the Philippines and of the Boers is not upon this pulpit. The imperialism that lowers our high ideals of the rights of man, and the protected monopolies that favor the rich and oppress the poor, are not upon this pulpit. This pulpit has pleaded for equal justice to all; has looked not to the surface distinctions of race or color or conditions, but to the deeper facts of being of soul-life. The People's Church has been the welcome home of the many thousands of strangers who have come and gone from our doors, the welcome home of the toilers for bread. And this it will be in the longer years to come.

O friends of many years, of many battles, of mutual sorrows and joys, let us look and live more and more on the soul-side of life, and build upon the eternal laws of being. Soon all this outer scene and struggle will end; it will matter little whether the way has been rough or smooth, if only we lived each day and year the best we could, believed what we thought to be true, and have done what we thought was right. And then will open the gates where the dear ones wait—yes, they will come to meet us in the parting hours of earth, and with songs of joy we shall be welcomed to the beautiful, the better, forever.

A Greater Than Carnegie.

"For he has cast in the best that he had—even his own life."

There is a man in St. Paul who is greater than Carnegie. He is giving away more than the iron king. The fact is not generally known, but the facts will prove the assertion. No criticism is suggested as to the spirit and the manner of Mr. Carnegie's generous and magnificent giving, but attention is called to the fact that this man in St. Paul, Minn., is giving *more* than Mr. Carnegie. The world has been startled by the prodigality of Mr. Carnegie's generosity. I was startled and awed by what I saw this man giving away on the banks of the Mississippi to the city of St. Paul. The man was the leading physician of his adopted city. His practice brought in an income running high into the thousands. He had married and brought up a large family. Losing his wife, he moved with his little ones out into the suburbs. Fifty years old, he had accumulated perhaps $200,000, was in perfect health, rugged, with every prospect of making the $200,000 a million if he chose. Now, this is the way in which a man with $200,000 is giving away more than Mr. Carnegie with two hundred millions.

The city of St. Paul, according to its rival up the river, has, perhaps, 100,000 people. The St. Paul people retorted with a claim of 200,000, until the census-takers came in as an arbitrator, and recorded 165,000. Of this number every year fifteen boys were drowned in the Mississippi river. No provision was made for public baths, little for playgrounds, and such a thing as a municipal restaurant, where "nobodies" and "everybodies" could get wholesome food at cost, was a dream for Bellamy only. Then it was that the office of Health Commissioner began to hunt for a man. Would this leading physician give up his lucrative practice and give himself to the city of St. Paul? He agreed to make the gift on one condition—that he should be "Czar," and politics should have absolutely nothing to say. So the leading physician became the "Czar" for the people's health. It was nothing strange that such a physician should believe that "cleanliness and healthy outdoor exercise are absolutely necessary for the maintenance of good health." Without troubling himself to know whether it was Bellemyistic or Socialistic, but simply on the ground that it was right and necessary, he determined to establish public baths and playgrounds within the reach of all. His conception of duty led him to believe that such a scheme came under the province of the Department of Health. The city, however, had no money to buy a plant; neither was there the spirit then that would have cared to make the necessary investment. Then it was that the man with a few thousands of his own, with a heart and unswerving purpose, began to write the brightest page in the local history of the city of St. Paul. There has been for ages an abandoned old island in the Mississippi, between Wabasha and High Bridges. It was little more than sandbars and lagoons, where tramps, Indians, and mosquitoes congregated. This has been purchased and improved at the cost of approximately $20,000, mostly by the doctor's private purse. After the island had been redeemed and beautified, the brewers saw what they had missed. They naturally supposed that $50,000—with a chance to clear at one stroke of speculation $30,000—would secure the now coveted island. They had missed their chance. The man could not be bought. He was giving to the people health and happiness. The election booths of the city are brought to the island and made into sidewalks.

Rustic seats have been made from willows on the island.

The sweepings from the city are dumped here to make soil for the grass, and now a magnificent park of seventy acres has arisen out of the waters of the Mississippi, and accommodations for thousands of bathers have been provided.

It was a hot day in July that the writer, having a little time in the city, was wondering just what to do. The desire to go swimming was checked by the thought that, being public baths, it would probably be a dirty, disagreeable place. Imagine the surprise to find one's self on the island park, in the center of the city, where all classes are welcome, and all classes come, and not hear an oath nor a boisterous nor vulgar word nor see an intoxicated person; instead I saw men and women, with pleasing faces and a spirit of kindness, guarding and guiding boys and girls in their respective quarters. I saw them out in the middle of the river, swimming, laughing, happy as the day was long—and all this because of one man's gift—not of money, but—*of himself*. I was so surprised by the environment that I began to query: "Where is this, and what is it? What year of the Lord is this?" It was July, 1901, as measured by the calendar. It was A. D. 2000, or later perhaps, measured by the progress of politics in many cities. No hospital in the world is run with more

rigid regard to sanitary rules than this Island Park. The laundry comes from its scientific cleansing, sweet and pure as "mother's linen" in the old days of boyhood's memories.

The most interesting experiment, perhaps, to the social student is the municipal restaurant on the Island Park. Mercy on us! Is the Northwest to be the theater of "crazy Socialists?" Now, this Commissioner of Public Health, knowing the influence of the saloon, and knowing, too, that in the real city nothing is too good for a newsboy, established on the island a refreshment stand and restaurant. The luxuries at the refreshment stand, ice cream, and the like, are sold at the usual rates, the profits helping to make it possible for the baths and the restaurant to be at cost. In the restaurant, milk—and better milk a millionaire cannot buy—is sold for two cents a glass. The glasses are as generous in size as the milk is good. The best coffee that money can buy and skill can concoct is two cents for a big cup. The milk comes from herds that are constantly inspected, the rolls from a bakery that is also inspected by the Health Commissioners' own officers. The milk—that will absorb everything in the world but virtue—is kept sacredly clean and pure.

A few people with microscopic souls cannot possibly see what this doctor is up to. A mole never saw a mountain. People who live in the dark ravines of selfishness naturally cannot comprehend on what earthly grounds a man should give up a lucrative practice, equal to the interest on a quarter of a million, in order to be Health Commissioner of a city. His being Health Commissioner is only part of the strange things this doctor is doing for this city, to make it possible for everybody to be clean, and nobody to be hungry.

The doctor, a man as modest as a maiden, but as stubborn as a bulldog in his convictions, explained the reason of this strange gift to the people of St. Paul. "When," said he, "the little newsies' day's work is done, and they have been hard at it since daylight, and have gathered up a few pennies, they come over to the Island at night, with an old pair of trousers, undress under the sidewalk, and go swimming for an hour." Out in the current of the river—at the strategic points—are six men sworn to kindliness, in lifeboats, watching lest some little "newsie" or other nobody, your boy or mine, should sink—ready to save that boy. Then, when an hour's swimming and play are over, the little fellows come up to the municipal restaurant. With their few pennies they can get "enough to eat," and the railroad king of the great Northwest, in his gorgeous palace up on the hill, cannot buy any better food, and the majority of mankind cannot buy as good. The doctor said: "You know how a dog can't talk, so he just wags his tail to make you understand how much he loves you. So, when I come along of an evening, and the little 'newsies' are sitting here, clean after a swim and a bath, feeling good, munching their rolls, their coffee or milk, they look at me and grin. That," said the modest man, "is what I have got up my sleeve." I do not wonder that some little folks, lost in their own selfishness, cannot understand such a gift and such a giver.

The doctor fought through the Franco-Prussian war, was an eye-witness of the wild scenes of the Commune about Paris, and he has some very clear convictions about making Anarchists to order, to be blown up later with dynamite, or blasted by the cannon's hot breath. "Take," said he, "the average American workingman, after ten hours in the mills or the shops, going home dirty, sweat-begrimed, eating his evening meal, and spending his nights in the saloons, listening to the low ideals of life, and in a year you have got a thoroughbred Anarchist. But let that workingman come with his family, after supper, over here to this Park on the Island. You will see them go in swimming, then sit beneath the trees, drink a cup of coffee, smoke a cigar, listen to music, talk with fellow-craftsmen and neighbors, go home to restful peace, and then you have got a first-class American citizen." Not so bad a diagnosis, and a guaranteed prescription.

When the Park was ready to be formally opened, some toughs, who had not yet learned to know this strange giver of himself, came over with clubs, intending to have some trouble and "fun" of the kind that they had hitherto thought most of. Single-handed, the doctor went among them, and said: "Boys, I know you are looking for trouble." Then he explained what the Park was for. In a fatherly way, he suggested that if he were in their place he would not look for trouble; but added, in just as fatherly a way, that, if they were determined to have trouble, they could find it. "But," and there was the quiet gleam of the old Hohenzollern fighter in his eye when he said it, "every one of you will go to the hospital before you go to the police station." The boys quit looking for trouble. Today they are stanch friends of the doctor.

Notice to the Public.

These BATHS and GROUNDS and everything pertaining thereto belongs to the *CITIZENS* of *ST. PAUL—TO YOU.*

You are part owner of them and are therefore interested in their success and reputation. Interest yourself sufficiently in them by your own good conduct and your treatment of others that they may be a source of healthy and joyful recreation for our fellow citizens, as intended.

If you bring your own soap, towel and bathsuit, no charge will be made, and you have free access to the baths and dressing-rooms.

If you choose not to trouble yourself with this, you can get A BATHSUIT, TOWEL and SOAP for TWO (2c) CENTS, or PRIVATE CABINET with LOCKER for ONE-HALF (½) HOUR, BATH SUIT, TWO TOWELS and ONE PIECE OF SOAP for FIVE (5c) CENTS.

On application you get INSTRUCTIONS IN SWIMMING FREE OF CHARGE.

At the restaurant you can get light lunch, coffee, tea, milk, or beef-tea, rolls, or sandwiches at a low figure, enough to cover the cost only.

Payments at the baths or at the restaurant are made in checks only which you can get of the Cashiers, in two and five (2c and 5c) cents denomination. No attendant is allowed to receive money. Do not trouble the Cashier with large change.

While more than ordinary precautions are taken by the attendants towards the safety of the bathers and their property, the Board of Health, or the City of St. Paul assumes no responsibility in cases of accident or theft.

The baths and restuarant are under the direct control of the Board of Health, which vouches for their cleanliness and sanitary condition.

The baths are open during the season every day, Sundays included, from 6 a. m. to 11 p. m.

J. OHAGE, M. D., Commissioner of Health.

The beautiful Island Park is to be turned over as soon as it is free from encumbrance, a gift through the doctor to the city, with its kindly atmosphere—for it is literally true that many a little fellow who never knew anything but cuffs and curses finds here, on the island, for the first time men and women who treat him kindly and thoughtfully and tell him about himself and that his body is the Temple of God.

In giving the free-bath outfit to his city, the doctor makes a condition that the baths shall always be kept open on Sunday.

These are only some of the things that this quiet German doctor is giving to the city of St. Paul. Every year the river has claimed from twelve to fifteen boys as its price for the boys' love of water. Last year, "after the doctor came," not a life was lost. So far this year, not one. Last year two hundred and fifty thousand bathed in the river, and a million visited the Park. Within fifty years, with the growth of the city, it is easy to see that a thousand boys' lives would have been lost in the river. These this doctor is saving. Ask their mothers who is the greater giver—Carnegie, giving through his secretaries his millions, or this doctor, giving himself to the people of St. Paul. The mind calls up at once a picture in the past, when the people were casting in their gifts into the treasury.

May not I, in the light of this story, paraphrase the comment of the wise Nazarene watching the givers, and say: "This man, Justus Ohage, hath cast into the treasury of the people of St. Paul more than all? Yes! He has cast in the best that he had, *even his own life.*"

"For the gift without the giver is bare, and he who gives himself feeds three—himself, his hungry neighbor, and me."

Dr. Ohage, of St. Paul, in the role of a real Health Commissioner has proven the philosophy of some half-forgotten truths. Am I my brothers' keeper? That question is settled. The only question is, how shall we keep him?

Dr. Ohage says, I will keep him clean and happy and guarantee pure food for his pennies. The happy sign of the times is the awakening consciousness of social duties and opportunities. Culture without conscience may be a curse. Culture with conscience, plus kindness, the dream of the Past is becoming the reality of the Present; the assurance of a better Future.

The confessedly beautiful, though it had seemed to cold commercialism impracticable teachings of the Nazarene are being realized in present day politics, in business and municipal life.

The gospel of Social Service is being preached and practiced where once only Greed was supreme. The law of Social Service is the only law of civic life.

He gets the most who gives the most. Scientific sociology is the herbarium where the dry facts of human existence are gathered and coldly classified. Social Service is the flower by the wayside with its message and its ministry to every living thing.—*George L. McNutt.*

(*Reprinted from* SOCIAL SERVICE.)

The Contrast.

He loved her, having felt his love begin
With that first look—as lover oft avers.
He made pale flowers his pleading ministers,
Impressed sweet music, drew the springtime in
To serve his suit; but when he could not win,
Forgot her face and those gray eyes of hers;
And at her name his pulse no longer stirs,
And life goes on as though she had not been.
She never loved him; but she loved Love so,
So reverenced Love, that all her being shook
At his demand whose entrance she denied.
Her thoughts of him such tender color took
As western skies that keep the afterglow.
The words he spoke were with her till she died.

—*Helen Gray Cone.*

Bed Time
dinner time, any time is a good time to use
Cordova CANDLES
They give a light that's rich and brilliant. No odor. Many styles. Sold everywhere.
STANDARD OIL CO.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

The Old Testament Bible Stories Told for the Young

—by—

W. L. SHELDON,
Lecturer of the Ethical Society of St. Louis.

CHAPTER IV.

The Tower of Babel.

It was a long while ago, just how long I cannot say, and over in another part of the world, after the time of the great Flood—it may have been hundreds of years later, when Noah was no longer alive—and there was again a great number of people on the earth. I suppose they still talked about the time long gone by, when the human race had been punished for all its wickedness, and the rain had come down from the skies and drowned everybody, save Noah and his family. I fancy they pointed out the mountain where they thought the ark had come to its rest. But they had no fear of any such punishment again. Now it was but a story to them, and it may be that many of the people no longer believed it.

They had begun to build cities again. They had riches once more, and they began to give themselves over just to having a good time—seeking only after pleasures, and just those kind of pleasures which satisfy people for a moment and leave nothing behind.

They had so much wealth and they had been so successful in building their cities that they were fast being overcome with pride. I suppose you know what that feeling means? In those days, it seems that every man somehow felt as if he were better than any other man. So now I am going to tell you of something extraordinary that took place. What put it into the people's heads I do not know. It is never quite easy to explain the strange ideas or plans which some persons have. But be that as it may, the people at that time did think up the strangest sort of a scheme. As to the sense of it all, you must decide for yourselves. But they got it into their heads that they would build a tower. It was not to be just the ordinary kind of a tower, but something great and mighty; greater than anything which had ever been built before. It was to be high. "How high?" you ask. Why, they meant to make it go on up until it touched the skies. I suppose they did not know in those days just what the skies were, or how high it was up there. At any rate, they thought they could do it; in fact, they were sure of it.

They talked and talked a great deal about the tower, and how they would build it. At last they set to work and laid the foundations. You can be sure these foundations were solid and strong. They were not going to have their tower tumble over; it was to stay there forever. "What did they do it for?" you ask. Well, I do not quite know. It may be that they did not know themselves. People do not always have the best of reasons for the plans they have. All I know is that they just wanted to build a tower, and it was to be something very large inded. In fact, they wanted to see just what they could do. They had an idea that they could do almost anything, and they were quite sure that they knew most everything. They had stopped trying to learn anything more, because they were so satisfied with themselves, thinking they knew it all, or all that ever could be known.

This tower, then, I suppose, was to show how clever they were. They could look at it after it reached the skies, and think what a big thing they had done and how much superior they would show themselves to any other human beings who ever lived before them, or to any people who might come afterwards. What sort of a feeling do you call this? "Pride," do you answer?

Yes, that was it. These people were just *proud*. They evidently wanted, as we would say nowadays, to "show off."

You see, the world was young then. There had not been very much history, and people had not found out what they did not know. Sometimes it happens, as you are aware, that the more ignorant a person is, the more he thinks he knows. He likes to talk about himself, to think about himself; and he likes to have other people look at him and admire him and talk about him.

These strange people lived on what was called the Plains of Shinar, away over in Asia somewhere; and they began to build their tower. Just as soon as the foundations were laid, thousands of people would come out every day to look at it; and the more they looked at it, the more esteem they felt for themselves, and the more sure they were that no people would ever be able to do anything so great or achieve anything so extraordinary as this tower was going to be. It kept on going up, higher and higher. At first it only reached to the tops of the doors of the houses; by and by it was as high as the roofs; then it went on up above the walls of the city, and soon it was higher than anything else in the country. Yet it kept on going up, and they made more brick and brought more stone and built it higher and higher, and as they watched the skies they kept wondering how long it would be before their tower would touch that great blue dome up there.

If they had been proud before they laid the foundations of that tower, they grew more and more proud every day. They spent pretty much all their time admiring themselves. I suppose if there had been any books in those days, they would have stopped reading them. Why should they read books when they "knew all about it"? What reason did they have for going to see other parts of the world, when they were so superior themselves? Yet, all the while, up went that tower; and it did almost look as if it were going to touch the skies. "What sort of a name did they give to it?" you ask. Well, I think I should have called it the "Tower of Pride," but that was not the name they gave to it themselves.

But by and by something happened. Usually when people get too proud, something does happen. Do you think that the tower fell down? No, it stayed there—at least for awhile; just how long I do not know. But there was a fall of another kind for that Tower of Pride.

It seems that the Ruler of the World got to thinking about it, and he did not altogether approve of what was going on down there on the Plains of Shinar. He was quite certain if the human race went on in that way they would think they knew everything and the world would come to a standstill. Now, the Great Ruler wanted the human race to go on improving, and he knew that the one great vice which would keep people from improving was Pride.

There was no other way. Those people there on the Plains of Shinar had to be taught humility; their pride must have a fall; in some way they must be brought back to their senses. I almost wonder that their Lord did not despise these people altogether and decide not to have any human beings on earth at all, if they were going to be so vain. But no; he felt pity for them because they were young and had not had much experience, and so he thought he would try another way to teach them humility.

The people had almost fancied that their tower was just about to reach the skies. It was higher than anything else in the world, and they were growing more and more supremely satisfied over it. I suppose there must have been thousands of men at work there.

But one morning there was trouble. All the work came to a standstill. The Lord had decided to interfere. And what do you suppose he did? Well, it is said, you know, that people in those days all talked alike. Nowadays we have any number of languages among the races scattered throughout the world, hundreds of languages, I suppose. But according to my story, from what we are told, up to that time people talked only one language, and all men could understand each other. This may have been one reason why they thought they knew everything. But at any rate, one morning the work stopped. Thousands of men had come together to go on with the tower, when all of a sudden they found they could not understand each other. One man was talking in one language, and another was talking in another language. Just how many languages they were speaking, I do not know; but I fancy it must have been hundreds or thousands.

There they were. What could they do? One man would give a direction and the other man could not understand it. The whole plan fell to pieces. They could not talk; they could not direct each other; they could not explain to each other what they were trying to do. It was the end of that tower. As far as they were concerned, it was as if that great structure had tumbled down upon their heads. It was there, just the same as it was the day before; but they could not go on with it.

And as they tried to talk to each other and found that they could not understand what others were saying, it struck them that perhaps, after all, they did not know everything; otherwise there would not be such a wild and stupid confusion everywhere. It was an awful blow. "A blow to what?" you ask. Why, to their pride, I should say. They came to a realization that they were not so great as they thought they were; that they did not know as much as they thought they did; that they were not nearly as superior as they had fancied.

What a state of mind the people must have been in, there in that great city. They looked up at their tower and they felt ashamed. It no longer added to their pride; and they wished they could pull it down. It all seemed very childish now, the effort they had made to "show off." They wished they had never begun it. It struck them that perhaps, after all, the human race was young, and that if they were to start out and scatter over the world, they might go on improving and learning a great deal more.

They left their tower and it crumbled away. They abandoned their city, those speaking one language going one way; others speaking another language going another way. But as they departed they had quite a different look on their faces from what they had had a few years before when, in their pride, they had laid the foundations of that great building. The Tower of their Pride had fallen, and they had learned humility.

To the Teacher: The keynote of this lesson could be the evil effects of vanity or pride. We are dealing in these stories mainly with the primary sins and primary virtues. The picture has touched on one of the elemental weaknesses of human nature—over-self-esteem. Young and old alike should be made to feel a sense of humility or insignificance before the Universe and its Author. We are not to blame for a normal self-confidence in one's powers. But we can explain how it is that there is a limit beyond which confidence in self becomes a sign of weakness instead of strength. The figure of a little child defying its father could be introduced as illustrating the attitude of the people of those days in constructing their tower, as if in their presumption they felt themselves the equal or the superior of the very Ruler over all. Point out how it is that by such presumption we only make ourselves seem all the more petty or inferior from the contemptible folly of our conduct.

THE HOME.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—The great preachers are those who can open the secret of religion as the fountain of pure feeling.
MON.—The great test of character is to be found in the manner in which we meet the common details of life.
TUES.—He who is faithful to the harder task will not be unfaithful in the easier great things.
WED.—It is not enough to be willing; we must go forward.
THURS.—Feeling is life's deepest mystery and its most inspired prophet.
FRI.—The inner movement of the soul before the deepest facts of life is beyond the reach of logic.
SAT.—While the world is full of sorrow and pain, sympathy is not to be found anywhere outside the heart of man.
The Methodist Recorder.

Nobody's Child.

Only a newsboy, under the light
Of the lamp-post plying his trade in vain;
Men are too busy to stop tonight,
Hurrying home through the sleet and rain.
Never since dark a paper sold;
Where shall he sleep, or how be fed?
He thinks as he shivers there in the cold,
While happy children are safe in bed.

Is it so strange if he turns about
With angry words, then comes to blows,
When his little neighbor, just sold out,
Tossing his pennies, past him goes?
"Stop!" someone looks at him, sweet and mild,
And the voice that speaks is a tender one:
"You should not strike such a little child,
And you should not use such words, my son."

Is it his anger or his fears
That have hushed his voice and stopped his arm?
"Don't tremble," these are the words he hears;
"Do you think that I would do you harm?"
"It isn't that," and the hand drops down,
"I wouldn't care for kicks and blows,
But nobody ever called me son,
Because I'm nobody's child, I s'pose."

O men! as ye careless pass along,
Remember the love that has cared for you,
And blush for the awful shame and wrong
Of a world where such a thing could be true!
Think what the child at your knee had been
If thus on life's billows tossed;
And who shall bear the weight of the sin
If one of these "little ones" be lost?

—*Alice Cary.*

The Emergency and the Man.

As the young man whistled and worked away, one morning, the boss carpenter came in with a military-looking gentleman who appeared to have an interest in the place. "Where did you come from?" asked the newcomer of the machinist.

"From England, sir."

"Well, anybody could tell that. Where did you come from when you came here?"

"From E——."

"Well, sir, can you finish this job, and have steam up, by the first of January?"

The Englishman blushed, for he was embarrassed, and glanced at the wood boss. Then, sweeping the almost empty shop with his eye, he said something about a foreman who was in charge of the work."

"Hang the foreman!" said the stranger; "I'm talking to you."

The young man blushed again and said he could work twelve or fourteen hours a day, if it were necessary for him to do so, but he didn't like to make any rash promises concerning the general result."

"Now, look here," said the well-dressed man, "I want you to take charge of this job and finish it. Employ as many men as you can handle, and blow a whistle here on New Year's morning—do you understand?"

The Englishman thought he did, but he could hardly believe it. He glanced at the wood boss, and the wood boss nodded his head.

"I shall do my best," said the Englishman, taking courage, "but I should like to know who gives these orders."

"I'm the general manager," said the man; "now get a move on you,"—and he turned and walked out.

It is not to be supposed that the general manager saw anything remarkable about the young man, save that he was six feet high and had a good face. The fact is, the wood foreman had boomed the Englishman's stock before the manager saw him.

The path of the young man was not strewn with flowers, for the next few months. Any number of men who had been on the road when he was in the English navy yards felt that they ought to have had this little promotion. The local foreman along the line saw, in the newcomer, the future foreman of the new shops, and no man went out of his way to help him. In spite of all obstacles, however, the shops grew, from day to day, from week to week, and it was seen, as the old year drew to a close, that the machinery was getting into place. The young foreman, while a hard worker, was always pleasant in his intercourse with the employees, and in a little while he had a host of friends. There is always a lot of extra work at the end of a big job; so, when Christmas came, there was still much to be done.

The men worked night and day. The boiler that was to come from Chicago had been expected for some time. Everything was in readiness and it could be set up in a day, but it did not come. Tracer letters that had gone after it were followed by telegrams. Finally it was located in a wreck, out in a cornfield in Illinois, on the last day of the year. A great many of the officials were away, and the service was generally demoralized during the holidays, so that the appropriation of forty-seven thousand dollars, for which the Englishman was working at M——, had, for the moment, been forgotten. The shops were completed, the machinery was in, but there was no boiler to make steam to work the machinery.

That night, when the good people of the town were watching the old year out and the new year in, the young Englishman, with a force of men, was wrecking the pump house down by the station. The little upright boiler was torn out, and placed in the machine shops. It was big enough to drive a small engine that turned the long line-shaft. At dawn they ran a long pipe through the roof, screwed a locomotive whistle on top of it, and, at six o'clock on New Year's morning, the new whistle on the new shops at M——, Iowa, blew in the new year.—*Success.*

Two Household Pets.

One of our household pets, a green heron, confined by a long cord to a tree in the yard, spent much time by day standing upon one leg, his shoulders hunched up, as though asleep—a most stupid-looking fowl. Fristen, the cat, was much struck by his singular appearance, and watched him furtively for a week or so before venturing nearer. She was puzzled how to classify the newcomer. A capture did not look difficult, as he could not fly away when she approached. So one day she sidled closer.

"Plunkett's" eyes slightly opened, but he moved not a feather. Puss crouched, and advanced a step.

Still there was no motion. Nearer she crept, her tail beginning to twitch and her hind legs working for a spring, when, a loud "Quawk!" wings outspread and flapping, and long bill stretched wide, the drowsy bird was transformed into an avenging fury. He sprang at puss, and she fled up a tree in a flash.

She decided that she must have been mistaken.—*Boston Pilot.*

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

The Child Eternal.

I heard their prayers and kissed their sleepy eyes,
And tucked them in all warm from feet to head,
To wake again with morning's glad sunrise,—
Then came where he lay dead.
On cold still mouth I laid my lips. Asleep
He lay, to wake the other side God's door,
My other children mine to love and keep,
But this one mine no more.

Those other children long to men have grown,—
Strange hurried men who give me passing thought,
Then go their ways. No longer now my own,
Without me they have wrought.
So when night comes, and seeking mother's knee,
Tired childish feet turn home at eventide,
I fold him close—the child that's left to me,
My little lad who died.
—*Irene Fowler Brown, in Harper's Magazine.*

Chicago.—Sunday School Union: The meeting to be held on Tuesday evening, Nov. 12, will be devoted to one of the least understood phases of Sunday-school work, namely, "The Use of Fairy Tales and Fables in the Sunday School." Mr. W. M. Salter, who has given a good deal of attention to this subject in connection with the Sunday Ethical Schools at Chicago, will present a paper on this topic, which will be followed by the customary general discussion. This time the meeting will be at the Third Unitarian Church, on Monroe street, just west of Kedzie avenue, and as light on this subject may prove helpful to day school teachers and parents as well as Sunday-school workers, all such will be welcome. The meeting will begin at a quarter past seven and close at nine.

Chicago.—Unity Church: The Young People's Club, which for years has been run chiefly as a social and dramatic organization, has now been turned into an active "Shakespearean Study Class." This meets every Tuesday evening at the homes of various members and under the leadership of Rev. A. Lazenby is proving a really profitable and steadily growing class.

Tacoma, Wash.—The services of the Free Church, of this place, led by Mr. Martin, have grown too populous for their house of worship, and on the last Sunday of October action was taken which will transfer the Sunday services to the auditorium of the Tacoma theater. The movement will enable the society to organize a large chorus choir to enrich the services. Mr. Martin labors steadily and skilfully on high lines and deserves this enlarged opportunity for usefulness.

Foreign Notes.

THE NATIONAL PROTESTANT CHURCH OF GENEVA.—To an American accustomed from childhood to our highly individualized and localized form of church organization, communities attached not merely to one particular place of worship, but standing in the closest personal relation to their own particular pastor, there seems something very strange at first in the system common to certain of the State churches of Europe of having their clergy ministers-at-large, as one might say, preaching in rotation in different parts of the city. One feels as if this system must make the individual's whole attitude to the church a different one from what it is with us, and would be glad of an opportunity to study somewhat closely its effect on the church life and activity.

Certainly this system must quite effectually counteract the tendency, we are sometimes reproached with over here, to organize the individual church around a man, making his personality the paramount influence in its life and activity, so that the society flourishes or declines according to the character of its pastor. Where, too, as in the National church of Geneva, the clergy includes men of all shades of belief from liberal to strictly orthodox, so that the reguar attendant at any given place of worship is likely to have the most varying aspects of religious truth presented to him without any disturbance in the regular order of things, this very fact must to a certain extent promote that catholicity of spirit, and that ability to work together in spite of differences which we find it more difficult to attain to over here.

Nevertheless the question whether this breadth of view, this consciousness of the church as a great all-embracing and unifying whole, be not gained at some loss to vital warmth and force and of effective ministering to local and personal needs seems a legitimate and interesting question, and one freshly brought to mind by the new law according to which it is proposed to divide the city of Geneva into distinct parishes. *Le Signal* in an extended editorial, gives its approval to the project on the ground set forth in the memorial addressed to the State Council by the Consistory, namely, that such division will make the collaboration between the faithful and their chosen pastor more active, and thus prove an important step in the democratization of the church. The creation of parish councils also will tend to make the church "less clerical and more popular," and its action on the citizens as a whole will be all the more effective and beneficent.

This paper (*Le Signal*) has often frankly stated its objections to a State church, which it deems inconsistent with the principles of neutrality and of freedom of worship proclaimed by a democracy, and pre-eminently in harmony with the true spirit of Protestantism. It refers with considerable satisfaction to an article published in its columns as far back as December, 1897, and sees in this new departure a step in the right direction. The administrative just adopted, it says, cannot fail to bring to the old church greater consciousness of its intrinsic force, and possessing as it does a body of pastors as distinguished for piety as for civic spirit, the disappearance of everything suggesting the clericalism of other days can only be an advantage. Attention is called to the fact that the independent churches have taken the lead in this direction, particularly in the matter allowing women to vote in ecclesiastical elections, an innovation which has had no ill effects.

As the church becomes more popular and more vital it will be forced into the adoption of different methods of taxation for church support and to the recognition of minorities, all of which will tend to make a great Protestant church worthy of a free republic.

Another point is brought out by *Le Progres Religieux*, namely, that it is a question affecting the creation of a greater Geneva, for in absorbing such suburbs as Eaux-Vives and Plainpalais who would think of suppressing them as parishes to merge them into the one great parish of the city?

THE POPE'S SWISS GUARD.—Apropos of the resignation of the commanding officer of the Swiss guard, the Colonel Count de Courten, who was succeeded by Baron Leopold Meyer, of Schaneusie, *Italie* has published some interesting historical notes on the pontifical Swiss guard. The institution of this body dates back to the sixteenth century. It was in 1505 that Julius II, at the suggestion of the Swiss cardinal, Matthew Schinner, signed a contract with Zurich and Luzerne by the terms of which these two cantons bound themselves for all time to furnish a company of 250 men as a personal guard for the Holy Father. The guard has existed ever since, though its actual number has been considerably reduced. Among the Swiss who apply for admission to the guard are many who are not inspired by any great love for a career of arms. Outside their hours of service these occupy themselves with painting, sculpture, study in the museums and libraries, or attend courses at the Faculty of Letters or at the Law School. Their service as guard is neither complicated nor very fatiguing. It consists in acting as personal guard to the Pope and before the public palaces. The Swiss guards have an excellent reputation in Rome and a high social standing. M. E. H.

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